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HENRY FARRER.

very laughable mistakes, showing that they did not, apparently, know the difference between the two, the war has died out; and to-day an artist is allowed to paint his subject in any method that suits him—all means which do justice to a subject being considered legitimate. What the future of this Society will be no one can say; but with a large membership comprising many of the leading artists of the day, with a full treasury, an *esprit de corps* and a liberality rarely found in Art societies, it will take some time to fossilize, notwithstanding the charge that has been made against it that it has already suffered that mournful change. The standard of its exhibitions has certainly been well sustained; and, thanks to its quality and influence, its private views rank next to those of the Academy alone in interest and importance. Indeed, it has done no little to make the private view an enjoyable event. Thanks to it these occasions, instead of being social crushes, where one can neither see or be seen, have become the pleasant gatherings of the Art season; and by making the Academy a salesroom, they have given a chance for American pictures to be bought, under circumstances which might never occur in any other manner.

The name of the Society, it may be of interest to note, was formerly "The American Society of Painters in Water Colors." This has been simplified into the "American Water Color Society." The Society has no motto; it needs none.

FRANCIS A. SILVA.

The Art Amateur, for September, is strong in original sketches with the pen, whose authorship includes James Symington, D. R. Knight, George H. Boughton, Leon Moran and F. A. Bridgman, among others. The special technical articles fully sustain their interest. Montague Marks, publisher.

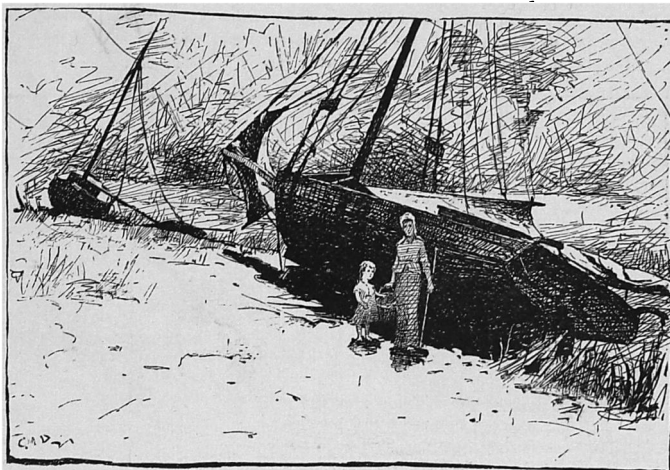
THEIR FIRST COMMISSION.

WHEN Black & White came to New York together from Philadelphia, where they had been brother students, and had worked side by side supplying pictures for the auctioneer—who in those days was the one supporter and patron of American Art—their capital, united with true fraternal trust in one purse, which each was to carry a day in turn, amounted to about \$100. Their entire belongings accompanied them in a single trunk, with two easels and two sketch boxes strapped to it, which they carried between them from the ferry to a cheap hotel in Canal Street. Thus accoutred, they embarked on life in what was a new world to them—two brave and talented young fellows, with all their future before them, and all their capital available at the shortest notice. They spent their first day staring at everything; their first night at a theatre and half a dozen beer gardens, and next day they began to look about them for a studio. They found them in plenty; but none whose cost conformed to the limitations of their means. On the morning of their third day they came upon the following announcement in the advertising columns of one of the papers: "Important to artists.—Dr. Jobson, being about to leave New York for six months, desires a responsible tenant for his offices and operating

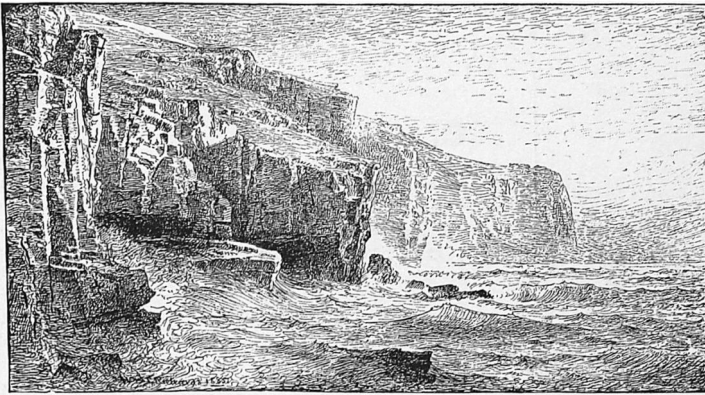
rooms. No rent required, but care of place during absence. Especially adapted for studios." They found Dr. Jobson at the address indicated in the advertisement. The doctor was a professional embalmer, and occupied a top floor in a Broadway building pretty well uptown. The place had originally been a photographer's gallery, and possessed a magnificent skylight. It possessed also a couple of side rooms, which the sworn foe to the destroying worms had used as office and residence re-



WINSLOW HOMER.



C. MELVILLE DEWEY.



WM. T. RICHARDS.

spectively. The doctor himself was a truculent looking elderly man, wearing a blue swallow-tailed coat and linen pantaloons, in whose pockets his hands were perpetually anchored. He clung with equal tenacity to an old book which he constantly carried under his arm, and which was popularly supposed to contain the secrets of his ghastly craft.

He explained that he was compelled to make a trip to South America, to impart some of his professional knowledge to the students of a medical college at Rio de Janeiro. The appointment, which was very lucrative, was directly from the Imperial Government, and would keep him away half a year at least. Meanwhile he desired to leave his offices, on which he had a long lease, and the property they contained, in safe hands. After an hour's cross-questioning of them he concluded that Black & White were responsible enough; so they took up their quarters in "the morgue," as they christened the place, as his duly accredited sub-tenants. Before the doctor had got outside of Sandy Hook they had his professional photographs and charts down from the walls, his machinery and chemicals from the shelves, and a closet filled with them. Then they covered the walls with studies and prints, set their easels up under the big skylight, and congratulated themselves on having the finest studio in New York, at a rental of preposterous inexpensiveness.

A couple of weeks passed after Dr. Jobson's establishment underwent this transformation, and their termination found these artistic squatters so near the end of their financial rope that it must finally slip from their grasp in a couple of days at farthest. The appreciative patron who was to find them out upon their arrival in the metropolis had not as yet made the important discovery; and they had formed themselves into a committee of ways and means, and were discussing the situation, when a knock announced a visitor.

He was a man of about fifty, of a comfortable physique and a confiding expression of countenance, and was attired in a brand new suit of black, which fitted him like a caricature. An air of deep melancholy brooded over his commonplace features, and he asked for Dr. Jobson in a most depressed and mournful voice.

"The doctor," responded Black, "is not in, sir."



SAM. COLMAN.

"Hum!" coughed their visitor, into his hand. "Ha! and when will he be in, young man?"

"As nearly as I can judge, sir, in about five months."

"Ah!" murmured the visitor; "then I'll wait."

And he sat down, put his hat under his chair, and stared curiously around him. The doctor's tenants looked at one another and grinned. Ten minutes passed in a silence which grew momentarily more embarrassing, until the stranger broke it by saying:

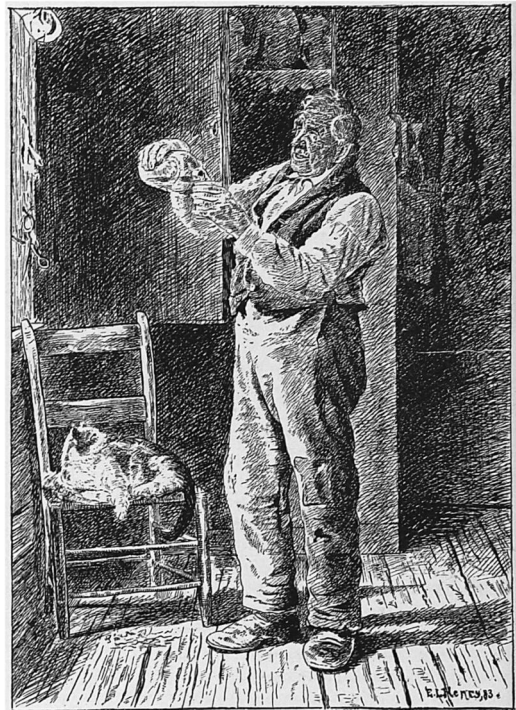
"He ought to be here by this time, oughtn't he, young man?"

"He?" repeated Black, completely at sea for any reasonable reply. "Who?"

"Why, the doctor. You said he'd be back in five minutes, didn't you?"

"I said he'd be back in five months, sir."

The stranger glared at him as if he suspected that he was being made sport of, while he explained the doctor's



E. L. HENRY.

absence in detail. By the time this was accomplished the visitor exploded into a roar of laughter, in which he checked himself so short that he nearly experienced an apoplectic suffocation.

"God forgive me!" he groaned; "and she, poor soul, on her bier!"

"Did you come to see the doctor professionally?" asked White, who had been improving the occasion to secure a sketch of the stranger.

"Ah!" returned the latter, resuming his melancholy condition, and caressing his double chin softly. "Yes, to be sure; yes; why not?"

"Perhaps," suggested Black, "it is something we could attend to for you?"

"Ha!" said the stranger; "I dunno. Are you embalmers, too?"

"In one sense, yes," replied Black. "We cannot preserve the body——"

"Then you won't fill the bill," interrupted their visitor; "for that body has got to be preserved. It's down in the will, and what's down in the will has got to be done."

"Still," persisted the painter, "our art may preserve it as well as the doctor's."

"What art is that?" demanded the visitor. "Is it a new patent?"

"That is it," replied Black, indicating the pictorial adornments of the wall.

The stranger's countenance assumed such a scornful expression that White began to turn his sketch into a caricature as an act of just retaliation. His friend, however, persisted. He discharged all the persuasion he was capable of at their visitor. He argued with him logically that even if he had a body embalmed he could not keep it in his parlor or hang it over his bed, while with a picture he could preserve not only the memory, but a great deal of the substance of the loved and lost by him. The stranger, who commenced to listen with indifference, eventually became interested, and finally, when the orator paused exhausted, asked:

"Well, 'spose I did have it done, what would it cost?"

"We could paint a portrait for you for \$250," replied Black, whose heart began to swell with anticipation.

"What!" screamed the stranger, jumping up.

The painters looked at each other with blank faces. Poor Black had evidently overshot the mark.

"Two fifty," cried their visitor; "you don't say so! And he'd have charged me five hundred at the very least. How long will the job take you, do you think?"

They breathed again, and Black replied:

"A week at the outside."

"Ha!" murmured the stranger, caressing his chin thoughtfully. "Hum! It's a good deal of money for a week's work, young man."

"But there are two of us, you know," insinuated Black.

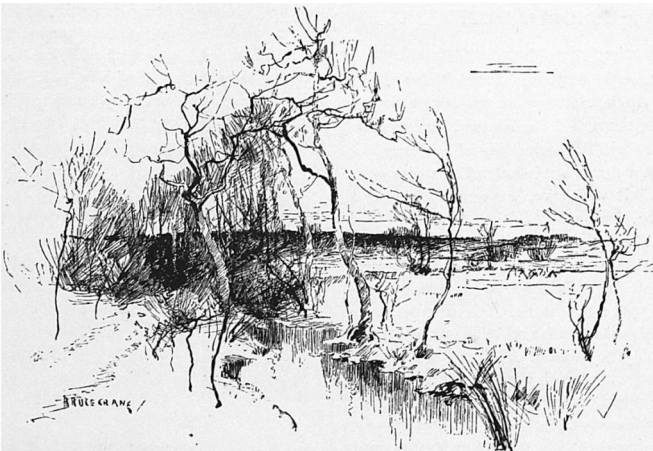
"And the colors are expensive," added White.

"And our process is patented," hinted Black, gravely.

"Jess so," said the stranger, beginning a more serious inspection of the examples of their art. "Now, that red paint must be pretty dear, eh?"

"It's the most expensive color made," answered Black & White, together. "Why, we have to get it from China."

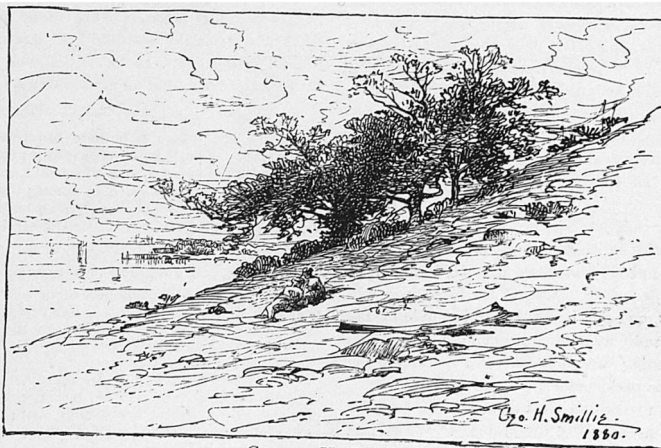
The stranger said "ha-



BRUCE CRANE.



C. Y. TURNER.



GEORGE H. SMILLIE.

hum!" several times over, and examined the Red Riding Hood with increased interest.

"But you won't need any red on her," he said after this pause. "Only yellow for the face and white for the shroud, and black for the shadders, you know. I think you might make it an even two hundred."

"Two fifty is the regular price," answered Black; "but since you were disappointed in not finding the doctor, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll split the difference, and call it two hundred and twenty-five."

"And put in some red, too," added White.

"Well," responded the stranger, "I guess that's reasonable enough, and I don't see that they could object."

"Who, sir?" asked Black.

Their visitor looked at him a moment, and then replied with an abstracted and thoughtful air:

"Suppose you had a rich aunt, young man?"

"I would rather have one in reality, if it's all the same."

"And she was to die," he went on, with more spirit.

"It would be a painful circumstance, to be sure."

"And was to leave half of her money to you and the other half to her brother, on condition that he had her embalmed and sent to you to bury."

By this time the speaker had become quite energetic, and stated his proposition with animation watching eagerly for the reply:

"Now, wouldn't you consider it more gentlemanly of him to send you a handsome picture, and save you the expense of a funeral? Eh, between man and man, wouldn't you, now?"

"I most certainly would," returned Black, while White murmured, "Well, I should say so, indeed."

"That settles it," remarked the stranger, smiting his thigh a mighty blow. "You and your partner come right along with me and bring your tools with you."

And this was Black & White's first commission in New York. A. T.

THE death of General Grant demonstrated that we have made a long step in advance in the art of mourning decoration. New York looked passably decent in its suit of sables; not, as heretofore, like one of those cheap mutes who used to be furnished at so much apiece for English funerals, and whose chief distinguishing characteristics were chronic inebriety and an indescribable second-handedness in their clothes as well as their grief.